

Horrified

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Horrified by demigodklance

Category: IT (2017), IT - Stephen King

Genre: Eventual Smut, Homophobia, Homophobic Language, M/M, Non-Graphic Rape/Non-Con, Period-Typical Homophobia, Personality Disorder, Rape, Rape/Non-con Elements, Sexuality Crisis, Unhealthy Relationships, bookverse, henry and patrick are both pretty fucked in the head, henry is slightly less crazy in this than in cannon id say, i havent finished the book but its based off both movies and the book i think, patrick is a psychopath but thats pretty much cannon, possibly, the characterization is probably really bad i should have written patrick instead of henry, theyre both psychos pretty much, this story is fucked i dont know what im doing, this sucks i suck

Language: English

Characters: Henry Bowers, Henry Bowers's Gang (IT), Patrick Hockstetter

Relationships: Henry Bowers/Patrick Hockstetter

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2017-11-03

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Rating: Explicit

Warnings: Graphic Depictions Of Violence, Rape/Non-Con, Underage

Chapters: 1

Words: 489

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

um I actually hate what I just wrote sm it was the middle of the night idk why I did it, it sucks, if u actually like it I was planning on writing more but I'm not sure just comment lmao bye I'm gonna go die now

(the title is stupid because I couldn't be bothered to think of one)

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Author's Note:

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Henry had known he was making a stupid choice becoming acquainted with someone like Patrick Hockstetter, but he was never one to hold himself back from making these types of decisions. He'd just push the thought to the back of his head and do something stupid every time. A lot of times it would come back to bite him right in the dick, but sometimes he'd secretly think to himself, that he liked the pain, that he needed his decisions to be bad for him to keep him angry. If he wasn't angry then he wasn't alive and if he wasn't alive then he wasn't Henry Bowers. And Henry Bowers was pure anger. At least the surface of him was, he'd always swallow his fear, thick in his throat, and give it to someone else, make someone else be afraid for him.

Henry Bowers was just full of stupid thoughts that overflowed out of him like water boiling over in the form of bad choices and angry words.

This is how he found himself spending more and more time with Patrick, how he managed to find someone worse than him to spend his time with. And it was how he found himself horrified, unable to move, in said friends basement, watching him and some other kid who's name he had forgotten hold down a kid in the freshman year of their school, who's name he had also forgotten but didn't matter. What mattered was what he was witnessing, something that even by his standards was terrible, but that he couldn't look away from

He watched as the terrified boy had a knife to his face and a cock down his throat, he watched as he was held down against a shaky

table and slammed into. This wasn't something he should be seeing, this wasn't something the boys he was with should be doing, especially not to another boy, but this most definitely wasn't something that should be making what was in his pants stir.

He should have left, he should have gone out and found some stupid little kid and beat the shit out of them until he forgot about it. But he stayed, unmoving and watched the whole thing. He watched them shove the crying boy out the back door and onto the dirt ground, not bothering to tell him to keep his mouth shut because they knew he would. Without a word he left, he went home and touched himself, pretending to be getting off to anything else than what he, and Patrick knew he was thinking about right now. And he knew he was no better than Patrick for seeing it.

He wasn't a fucking fag, he told himself as he woke up for the third night in a row with wet in his pants and the other day on his mind, he hated those goddamned queers for even putting something so stupid in his head.